Tahiti: Isle of Dreams

S.5. *El Kantara.*

At sea off the Paumotus.

September 10,

1923.

I thought that this book was finished in Tahiti when I wrote this last chapter under the date above, and what I have written, I have written. It has its message. It shall stand. But even as I saw the last sunset, though in the eleventh hour, the strange Wheel of Life swung unexpectedly, and I know, now that I can take breath, that I leave but to return. I have been freed to choose. I can become an heir.

I wonder if you understand,' reader'—as they used to say in the solid old Victorian novels that were worth so much more than the flimsy stuff we write. I wonder if you understand what it is that leads one to the Isle of Dreams ? This has become a strangely, almost indecently, intimate book, and since it may have a message for

somebody, foolish as it seems to write it, I shall dare to add a line or two. Tahiti stands for a great deal. What would you do if you made ten thousand pounds ? Let